

THE SENTINEL.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

VOL. 1.

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NO. 4.

The Sentinel.

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OCCASIONALLY,

—BY—

SERG'T. H. J. DEMING,

And other "Typos" of the 14th Mich. Inf.

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Letters intended for insertion must be addressed to MAJOR T. C. FITZGERIBSON.

A GHOST STORY.

Let us deal in horrors to-day.—There is a real, old-fashioned, haunted house in the midst of the city of Virginia, (California)—a house whose ghostly sighs and groans, and the stately tread of invisible feet are heard, where whispered warnings shudder on the night air, and things unearthly become palpable to mortal vision. Men have been aroused out of a quiet sleep by hearing some body tramping about the room overhead; yet upon going up stairs, no living thing could be found there! Heavy footsteps have been heard coming down stairs at midnight—a pause at the bottom, a muffled creak from the knob of the locked and bolted door—and then silence, profound and hideous! The door would be found still locked and bolted on the inside. The house is a roomy, rambling, ghostly thing itself, presenting unexpected doors at every turn on the lower floor, and still startling you with desolate chambers and gaping closet long after you thought you had surely come to the last one. Then in the central hall there is one of those poor, exiled staircases, peculiar to haunted tenements, shut out from all sympathy and companionship with the balance of the house, and left to tremble and creak in solitude to the footsteps of shrouded apparitions. Up stairs are more rooms again—dusty and cobwebbed and deserted. Under the house is a dark, damp cellar—chilly and slimy and silent. It is said that ghosts inhabit it. There are little staircases outside, with gloomy, horrible nooks under them, whence unearthly noises proceed at dead of night. The house stands in a somewhat isolated position. Its front is painted a dead white color, and two windows and a door stare vacantly out from it like the features of a corpse.

The supernatural sights and sounds commenced about three weeks ago. At that time a gentleman and his wife occupied the north front room on the lower floor (there are six or eight chambers on that floor), and a sick man and his nurse occupied a room in the back part of the building.—There were other lodgers there, also, but they soon got scared and left. Previous to this time, there had been two deaths in the house. The sick man we have just mentioned also died there, but he used to see strange sights before the breath left his body. Although he always conversed rationally on ordinary subjects, and generally gave no token of a disordered intellect, he used to start up in bed sometimes in the middle of the night, with starting eyes and the beaded sweat on his brow, and point to some frightful object, invisible to all save himself. He said it was a dead human hand, thrust into the room!

When, after taking great pains to point out to his nurses the exact position of the vision, he found they were still unable to see it, he would lie down again, saying it might be only imagination, but it was fearfully vivid. Upon one occasion he said to his nurse:

"Mary, do you believe that a man may see his own ghost—his own form and features—himself, in fact, separate and distinct from himself?"

Mary said no, and inquired why he asked such a question.

"Because Mary, I have seen myself—my ghost—my exact counterpart—standing out there on that mound a moment ago, beckoning to me."

So much for the sick folks—now for the well ones. Strange sights and sounds at all hours of the night began to be of such frequent occurrence that the gentleman who occupied the front room with his wife concluded to leave the place, but he fell sick and was obliged to remain. A week ago last Saturday night they had just gone to bed, when, at half past one o'clock—but a description of the room is necessary. There was a fire-place, with a little fire burning in it; the room door was alongside of the fire-place, and the bed was at the opposite extremity of the chamber; the door spoken of opened into the next room, which communicated with the street. These doors were locked and bolted. Well, the gentleman and his wife had gone to bed and blown the candle out. The gentleman occupied the front side of the bed, and consequently the lady next to the wall.

Suddenly a cold blast blew upon them from the direction of the door, accompanied by a rustling *swish*, such as is made by a silk dress. They tucked their heads under the bedclothes, and forthwith the coverings were plucked almost from the bed by unseen hands! They replaced their blankets, but they were jerked from their persons four times in succession. The lady finally looked out in agony of fear, and saw, by the firelight, and standing near the bed, a gloomy, towering, vapory shape, with its arm stretched forth toward her! She threw herself back and screamed. She thrust her head beneath the blankets, and the phantom was no more. A lady visitor was left alone in the parlor for a moment one evening, when a tall, white spectre floated quietly in and moved silently toward her. She arose and departed. The spectre followed her. She fled in terror from room to room, and finally, glancing back for an instant, she beheld the hideous thing almost at her shoulder. She screamed and fainted, and the spectre disappeared. These things became so frightful at last, that a larger force of gentlemen was engaged to sleep in the house, for the better protection of the tenants against supernatural visitors. The result was the same. Ghosts were seen, but could not be captured; footsteps were heard in vacant rooms, but the feet were invisible; and grating sounds, also, as of some one dragging heavy articles across the floor; pebbles were thrown about the house by invisible hands; whispers and sighs and groans filled the air, but no one could discover whence they came or who made them; and the watchers, after scouting for

ghosts in the upper story, would come down stairs and look vacantly at each other, shudder when their ears were greeted with a horrid noise over head, as of the falling of dirt and gravel upon a coffin. But the most appalling circumstance occurred while one of those sick men, of whom we have spoken, was near his dissolution. It was just at night, and the lady who was nursing him, (and she is a strong-minded, firm-nerved lady, too, by the way, and not imbued with a fear of phantoms,) was sitting on the opposite side of the room from the bed, when she heard a noise in the unoccupied room overhead, as of men scuffling and striking each other—or, as she expressed it, "like one man murdering another."

She looked up toward the ceiling and saw three balls of fire descend slowly from it and fall upon the sick man's pillow. At that moment the noise of the combat ceased. Fearing that a conflagration might ensue, the courageous woman ran over to the bedside as quickly as possible, and lo! a miracle. The three balls of fire had disappeared, and left in their stead three large gouts of fresh blood! She called assistance, and the blood splashes were carefully examined, but no satisfactory conclusions was ever arrived at concerning them.—They were seen that night by a dozen different persons, within twenty minutes after they fell. Now, there is a profound mystery about this matter which somebody who is not afraid of blood, and spectres and groans and things, ought to unravel. We are very unwell at present, or we would undertake this cheerful job with alacrity. Half a dozen persons of good nerve and courage have heard and seen the horrors of this haunted house, and more of them will consent to sleep there again. One gentleman says he does not know whether those sights and sounds are supernatural or not, and he does not even care about diving into the philosophy of the matter—he only knows that he had a liberal dose of them, and that is sufficient; he will needle with them no more. All the tenants left the house last Sunday, and declined having anything more to do with haunted houses.

If any doubts the truth of the matters set forth in this article, let him call at this office, and we will send him to the intelligent, matter-of-fact citizens who saw them, and heard them, and they'll stagger him. We cannot account for these horrible things. We do not pretend to. We only suggest that either the Devil has climbed up one of our deep shafts and gone to that house to board, or else some ingenious rascal, with an eye to business, has haunted the property himself, in the hope of so reducing its value as to enable him to buy it at a small price. Here ends the ghost story.—*California Paper.*

Horrible Tragedy in California.—Parents Destroy their Child and Commit Suicide.

A horrible tragedy occurred in San Francisco on the 2d instant, resulting in the death of Dr. George W. Beers, with his wife and child, a little girl of ten years of age. Beers and his family occupied rooms on the corner of Stockton and Geary streets, and the place having been unusually quiet during the day, the landlady

called about 7 o'clock in the evening, when she was shocked at finding the parents lying dead in the front, and the little girl in the adjoining room.

Upon making an examination, it would appear that the parents, having resolved upon the suicide, had administered strychnine to their child, and the mother, either at the same time, or subsequently, took a similar dose of the poison. From investigation, it was also apparent that the father, to end the sufferings of his child, or stifle her cries, had taken an iron weight, usually attached to the window pullies, and fractured her skull; it was also apparent that the same instrument had been used in putting an end to the wife's sufferings, there being similar marks about her head, and the pillow being saturated with blood.

The husband and father then disposing himself upon the bed with his wife, having previously arranged a bucket at the bedside, with an instrument from his pocket surgical case, severed the artery at the wrist of his right arm, and holding it over the vessel placed at the bedside, literally bled to death, the ordinary sized bucket being nearly filled.

Upon examination by the coroner, Dr. Sheldon, among other things, were found the following letters written by the deceased just before the commission of the terrible act. The first, which is addressed to the parties who keep the house, is as follows:

"MR. AND MRS. BARRY: Please take charge of all our effects, and sell them for your own benefit, except which do not let out of your hands until you may have an opportunity to send them to Mrs. Julia P. Douglas, Brooklyn, Long Island, New York State. I am feeling that my wife is really soon to pass away from me, and difficulties are accumulating around me that I cannot withstand.

GEO. W. BEERS.

"Also keep the writing desk and burn the letters. See that the letter under this reaches its destination."

"The following is the letter referred to:

"DR. F. TUTHILL: Doctor, will you please send the inclosed to its destination as a last act of kindness.

GEO. W. BEERS."

The letter inclosed was addressed to Mrs. Julia C. Douglas, Brooklyn, N. Y., and is as follows:

"MY DEAR WIFE'S MOTHER: I take your daughter with me rather than see her die by inches, as her father did, before my eyes. Pardon the act, for we have suffered much for each other's sake.

GEO. W. BEERS.

The last heard from these parties, by the occupants of the house, was about 12 o'clock on Wednesday night. As they lived rather secluded, maintaining but little intercourse with others, and their room never being open to receive visitors before a late hour in the afternoon, but little was thought of its quiet condition, until the discovery was made in the manner mentioned.

It is said that mortification at his ill success in three lectures which he had advertised, combined with evident want and destitution, was the exciting cause of this horrible act.

The Mile Raft.

There was a fellow once stepped out of the door of a tavern, meaning to walk a mile up the shore to the next tavern. Just at the landing there lay a big raft, one of the regular old-fashioned whalers—a raft a mile long.

Well, the old fellow heard the landlord say that the raft was a mile long, and he said to himself, "I will go forth and let my eyes behold the timber which the hand of man hath hewn."

So he got on at the lower end, and began to amble over the wood in pretty fair time. But just as he started, the raft started too, and he alked up the river it walked down, both traveling at the same rate.

When he got at the end of the sticks he found that they were pretty near ashore, and in sight of a tavern; so he landed, and went straight into the bar-room he'd just come out of. The general sameness of things took him a little aback, but he looked the landlord steadily in the face and settled it in his own way.

"Publican," said he, "are you gifted with a twin brother who keeps a similar sized tavern, with duplicate wife, companion, g wood pile, and corresponding circus bill, a mile from here?"

The tavern-keeper was fond of fun, and accordingly said it was just so.

"And Publican, have you among your dry goods for the entertainment of man and horse, any whiskey of the same size, or that of your brother's?" And the tavern man said that, from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, he had. They took drinks, when the stranger said:

"Publican, that twin brother of yours is a fine young man, indeed. But do you know, I'm afraid that he suffers a good deal with the Chicago diptheria?"

"And what's that?" asked the tod-dy-sticker.

"It's when the truth settles so firm in a man that none of it ever comes out. Common doctors of the catnip sort call it lym. When I left your brother's confectionery there was a raft at his door, which he swore by his life was a mile long. Well, Publican, I walked that raft from bill to tail, from his door to yours. Now, I know my time, and I'm just a d for myself as a hoss, and better for that than any man you ever did see. I always walk a mile in exactly twenty minutes, on a good road, and I'll be busted with an over-loaded Injun gun if I've been mor'n ten minutes coming here, stepping over the blamed logs at that."

EVIL OF IDLENESS.—Nine tenths of the miseries and vices of manhood proceed from idleness; with men of quick minds, to whom it is especially pernicious, this habit is commonly the fruit of many disappointments, and schemes oft baffled; and men fail in their schemes, not so much for the want of strength, as the ill direction of it. The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many may fail to accomplish anything. The drop, by continued falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock—the hasty torrent rushes over it and leaves no trace behind.

The Sentinel.

T. C. FITZGIBBON, Editor.



I have always dreaded to provoke reason, but never individuals.

FRANKLIN, TENN.

SATURDAY. : AUGUST 29, 1863.

THE WAR.

"This is, indeed, a war for the maintenance of the Constitution and the laws—nay, for National existence—against those who have despised our honest friendship, deceived our just hopes, and driven us to defend our country and our homes. By foul and willful slanders on our motives and intentions, persistently repeated, they have arrayed against us our own fellow-citizens, bound to us by the triple ties of consanguinity, geographical position and commercial interests.

Let no man among us be base enough to forget this, or fool enough to trust an oligarchy of traitors to their friends, to civil liberty and human freedom. Voluntary exiles from home and friends for the defense and safety of all, we long for the time when gentle peace shall again spread her wings over our land; but we know no such blessing is possible while the unjust and arbitrary power of the rebel leaders confronts and threatens us."

MAJOR GEN. ROSECRANS' letter to the General Assembly of the State of Ohio.

Col. Daniel McCook.

The subject of our brief sketch—Col. Dan. McCook—is a man of infinite humor, strong will, intense feeling and fine scholarly attainments. A good tactician, a loose disciplinarian and a terrible fighter. Daring almost to rashness, he is cool, calm, collected and determined in action, never suffering his movements to precede his reason.

Born in Carrollton, Ohio, his father emigrated to Illinois when he was twelve years of age, from whence, six years later, he went to Florence, Alabama, and after four years of collegiate study, graduated with distinction at the head of his class. While in Florence he read law in the office of R. W. Walker, (brother of Pope Walker, first rebel secretary of war,) and was admitted to the bar in 1857. Soon after he went North, and studied and practiced for a while in the office of his brother, George McCook, at Steubenville, Ohio. He went to Kansas in '58, and the year after was almost unanimously elected Judge of the Leavenworth Circuit, under the Territorial and State governments. At that time he was only 23 years of age.

Ten days before Sumpter was fired upon, he commanded three military companies at Fort Leavenworth, to whom was entrusted the care of all government property. When the North rushed to arms to punish the traitor spirit that trailed the rebel emblem of our national glory in Charleston harbor, he picked one hundred men "for the war," went to Washington and tendered them to the President, who did not think they would be needed to suppress a rebellion in which "nobody was hurt." Matters having soon assumed a different and more threatening aspect, and the Governor of Kansas recognizing his worth and ability, tendered him the Lieut. Colonelcy of the First Kansas. He declined its acceptance from motives of purest honor, for having pledged his men that he would not surrender them to the charge of another, he preferred going in a Captain. The battle of Wilson's Creek, where Gen. Lyon fell, soon came on, and McCook's Company and Regiment were engaged in it. He brought sixty-five men into action; but twenty came out to tell the tale of their desperate struggle with the vastly superior [in

numbers] force of Price and McCulloch! Twenty-three were killed, and twenty-two were badly wounded. All were natives of Ireland, and passionately fond of their fighting Captain. He was subsequently appointed A. G. with rank of Captain in Gen. Buell's Staff, and for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Shiloh and siege of Corinth was recommended to his present position by Generals Halleck, Buell, Nelson, Wood and Garfield. He commanded the (now) 2nd Brigade of the 2nd Div., Reserve Corps, at the battle of Perryville, Kentucky, where by his dash and daring he left indelible indices of a glorious and promitive future.

He is courteous and affable in manner, easy of approach, and entirely free of that nauseating dandyism so prevalent in military life. Being a man of transcendent ability, he can afford to do away with that mawkish and sickening sentimentalism that hedges in the creature whom chance or interest flung as a dead-weight upon our army.

A Respectable Patriot.

There is a windy, itinerant patriot in Lansing, the capitol of the State of Michigan, whose name is George William Peck. He has recently started a weekly "Democratic" paper, and for the purpose of procuring subscribers to it, mass-(assault) meetings of the poltrons and demagogues of the State are being gotten up. We know George William. He is what some people denominate a "smart" man—that is, he is possessed of immense "cheek," much brass and a moderate share of brains. Substituting tact for ability, abuse and windy expletives for argument, he always managed to keep around him a few of the discomfited and disappointed fugitives who made him the cloaca through which they vomited their wrath upon their assailants. Though we dislike saying anything to a creature who seems to have been a foot-ball for fate, duty to our country and our comrades in arms, alive and in their graves, constrains us to bestow a thought upon him. He has ceaselessly and studiously maligned and villified our soldiers in the field, and lacking the instinct of an honorable, brave man, has endeavored to beslime the shroudless and coffinless dead by heaping his abuse upon them.

That our readers may know what kind of creature this Peck is, we append an extract from a speech he made at St. Johns on the 1st inst.

"The law [of Conscription] is unconstitutional; the general government has no right to subvert the rights of States. The conscription act, however must be enforced, until it can legally be put aside. The speaker would ever oppose that infamous act. He did not wish to be misunderstood; he would fight at the ballot box; he repeated again, however, what he said at Lansing the 4th of July—if the administration attempted to prevent by force of arms the right of suffrage at the ensuing Presidential election, he should then meet them with arms and not till then."

He wished to inflame the minds of his hearers by telling them the "general government has no right to enforce the infamous conscription," but fearing the consequences of such advice, the poltroon cautions them that it "must be enforced until it can be legally put aside." Any shyster can easily find a willing audience at the North, just now, to pour into its ears his wrath of the "powers that be." Those fire-side patriots who were eloquent in their support of the war so long as it called for no sacrifice at their own hands, are loud in their denunciations of the government because their persons and purses are needed in its defence. Out upon such degenerate things: without virtue and without shame, they would make money on the honor of their mothers.

Gen. Gilmore.

Gen. Gilmore, now conducting the siege of Charleston with such energy and sure progress, is a native of Ohio. So also are Generals Rosecrans and Grant. He is a handsome, powerfully built man, apparently 35 years old, with brown hair and beard, and soft, "loveable" blue eyes. The impression of his countenance is amiable in the extreme, and his manner is self possessed, retiring, modest, and affable. He is simply a soldier, and never allows himself to be drawn into political discussions. He defines his opinions on public affairs as being influenced by the determination to carry out his orders in the letter, and the spirit, whatever those orders may be; and loyal men will therefore claim him as a straight-out Union man.

To Your Kennels, Ye Hell Hounds!

As there are many soldiers in the 14th Mich., now stationed here, who have been recruited and induced to join the army by "Hon." Geo. W. Peck, they may feel anxious to know his opinion of them, now that they have "left" with a vengeance. Here is an extract from a speech he delivered before the "Democratic Association of Lansing" last March: "The Republican party have carried on the war for two years. They have sent their HELL HOUNDS AND BULL DOGS down South, and what have they accomplished? Nothing. And we told them that in the beginning—that they could accomplish nothing; and the reason why is, because they are OUR BROTHERS! And now they come back and propose to kick up a fuss here in the North, and WE ARE READY FOR THEM!"

The spirit of the late Theodore Parker has, Heaven save us! been let loose upon the earth, and unless caged soon may do great injury. Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, a noted medium of Boston, has been "revealing" the spiritual ideas of Parker to an immense audience of old maids of both sexes in the city of notions. From a five column article "revealed" by Mrs. Hatch, we extract the following to show the mind of Theodore: "I am glad that I live, even though not in the material form; glad that I have seen, with spiritual vision, the carnage that has raged; glad that tides of blood have been poured on countless battle-fields; glad that the clashing of arms, and the roar of booming cannon have heralded to the world the fulfillment of my day-dream."

There certainly must be a "middle state" where some people go to after death. Nothing evil can come from Heaven, we are told, and we are as positively assured that "out of hell there is no redemption." Like Mahomed's coffin, he rusts suspended between Heaven and earth, for he is within hearing distance of us:

"Talk not to me of battle fields; talk not to me of mourning hearts and desolate homes."

We hope our poor spirit will not wander to the shades haunted by Parker, who glories in ruin, misery and murder. We would prefer going where Artemus Ward's "affinity" is house-keeping for John Bunyon, who is tending bar for Tom Paine!

May our guardian angel prevent his visiting this Post! If he approach the picket, we pray they shoot without challenging, as in the "spirit land" they know everything, and he will assuredly be armed with both the parole and countersign.

BOARD OF TRADE IN FRANKLIN.

A Board of Trade for Williamson County has been established in this town—office at the Court House—with that sterling patriot, William P. Campbell, Esq., at its head. Those desiring permits must not be over scrupulous in their oaths of acceptance, for though they may have strained at a gnat in times past, they must now swallow a Campbell!

OBITUARY.

Died at East Saginaw, on Saturday, the 8th, Capt. JOHN C. LIND, 14th Infantry, Michigan Volunteers, after a severe illness, contracted while on the field of duty below Nashville—whilst fighting for the constitution and the Union of his country. He was a dutiful son, and highly esteemed by his friends. A member of the Typographical Union and formerly from Ann Arbor.—Ann Arbor (Mich.) Argus.

Captain Lind was well known to us and the officers and men of the 14th. He entered the service as Second Lieutenant in November '61, served with his Regiment through West Tennessee, Mississippi and Alabama, when he was promoted to the Captaincy of his Company vice Gage, resigned. He was a practicing lawyer at the time of his entering the service, about twenty six years of age, a native of the State of New York, and unmarried. His suavity of manners, his urbanity and high spirited conduct made him many friends: his honesty and sincerity cemented their friendship. He was much beloved among his extensive circle of friends; his loss will be a severe affliction to the domestic circle. His associates in the 14th deplore his untimely end, and drop a tear of affectionate regret to his memory. No tribute to his memory can supply that consolation to his family—to his loving, self-sacrificing sister who sought his couch in the army hospital, and carried him home that he may close his eyes feeling the hot breath of his friends—in the calamity which has befallen them. Comrades, let us offer a prayer in behalf of the heroic dead who "sleep their last sleep" and await our final retreat to

Where the outcast seeks forgiveness, And the weary are at rest.

[Died in this town, on Wednesday last, at the residence of Manis Friel, Timothy Wall, believed to be a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., aged 30 years. He has a sister residing in some part of Massachusetts, and it is requested that the press give his death publicity in the hope that it may come to her knowledge.]

Army Clothing.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin calls upon the Government to begin in time to make provision for clothing its soldiers next winter, and not wait, as it did last year, till the soldiers were actually suffering. Another reason for seeking timely supplies of clothing, is that contractors may be deprived of the excuse of haste for furnishing bad material, and inspectors of the same excuse for receiving articles they know to be worthless. Great wrongs have been done to many of our soldiers by these shoddy contractors, and they have paid millions of dollars out of their small wages to furnish themselves with clothing, because that distributed to them by the Government, was neither comfortable nor durable. The knavish contractor, and his equally guilty accomplice, the unfaithful inspector, do a double wrong, first by their villany to the Government and people, whose money they get on false pretences; and next and worse, to the soldier, on whom they inflict positive suffering and loss.

The Difference.

It has been well said that the chief difference between an abolitionist and a rebel is, that the rebel wants to set up a new government, and the Abolitionist wants to upset the old one.—Detroit Free Press.

We were going to state the difference between a Copperhead of the Free Press stamp and a rebel, but after mature reflection, we can't see that there is any difference. We mean no disrespect to the rebel.—Detroit Tribune.

Soldiers can see a difference between a Copperhead and a rebel. The rebel fights for his "rights," and breasts the bullets in the advocacy of his principles; the Copperhead growls for his "rights," and threatens a "fire in the rear." We have hoped all along they wouldn't turn their rear upon us.

Filling The Old Regiments.

The regiments in the army of the Potomac, it is said, will first be filled from the ranks of the conscripts, and then successively Grant's, Rosecrans' and the army of the South will be filled to the maximum.—Exchange.

The Potomac army always first in official favors. Well, they need more sympathy and help than the "conquering heroes" of the West.

Woman's Rights.

Miss Louise F. Shultz, writing to a "strong minded" newspaper of Boston, under date of Westchester county, N. Y., June 26th, says that she has got tired of side-saddle riding, and has determined to ride "astride," or masculine fashion henceforth. Her habit is a blue dress coat, with gilt buttons, buff vest, cassimere pants and a quilled dickey.—Exchange.

We applaud Miss Louise's pluck. Women who "wear the breeches" should be allowed all the privileges appertaining thereto. Those who go through the world sideways usually make slow progress.

INKLINGS.

The Nashville "American Soldier" thus spitefully asks for information:

"Why do ladies who wear stylish Balmoral petticoats, or the even more chaste-looking white ones with ample skirts and delicately worked borders hold up their outer garments at so great a height, while those who are less luxuriously provided, keep theirs down with invincible prudishness?"

Why do young men who never smelt gun-powder and never mean to wear undressed military caps, and assume a military cut, as they parade the street?"

Lately holders of greenbacks were alarmed. Now it is the hoarders of gold that feel scared.

The rebels like the greenbacks well enough, but they have a greater horror of the bluebacks.

If any Union man croaks at a time like this, let him be thrown into the first frog-pond, says the Louisville Journal.

A vast amount of "grape-vine" is extant in these times, but the grapes are hard to swallow.

The present war will not be entirely barren of good results, though it is cost much to impart the lesson.—It has brought many a crazy fanatic North and South to their senses.—Gerrit Smith, once a violent "higher law" sacker of the crazy abolition church, in a late speech, sensibly remarks:

"The man who says the Government has changed the purpose of the War, utters a wicked slander. No wonder there are mobs when men in high position utter the slander that the War is now waged to abolish slavery. The object of the War is to secure the unconditional submission of the Rebels—without armistice or terms."

For once in our life, we agree with Gerrit. Rebels cannot expect greater privileges in the South than loyal citizens at the North. They must lay down their arms, and submit to the laws, then the war will come to an end.

The Burlington (Iowa) Hawkeye, a copy of which has been left on our table by some considerate friend, tells of the manner in which a noted copperhead of that section came to grief. We trust we may soon record similar "abroaches" by our discharged soldiers. "Le Grand Byington came to grief Wednesday last, at Iowa City. Pat. Murphy, a discharged soldier, kicked him through the streets of that city in a most energetic manner. Le Grand made excellent time until he got out of the reach of Pat's foot. Our informant says Iowa City was in a broad grin over the discomfiture of the Chairman of the Copperhead Committee.

VILLAGE FACTS AND FANCIES.

POST OF FRANKLIN:

Col. Henry R. Mizner,
14th Mich. Infantry,
Commanding Post.
J. W. Myers,
Lt. and A. A. G.
W. H. McLYMAN,
Capt. and Post. Commissary.
Frank H. White,
Lt. and Post Quartermaster.
Capt. Edward S. Nixon,
Provost Marshal.
Office at the Court House.

BY YOUR ACTS SHALL YOU BE KNOWN.

Though the meeting of last Saturday was generally known and advertised for weeks previous, there was not that great gathering of Union ladies that we were led to expect would grace the assemblage. No class of citizens have done more to foment discord and disunion than they, some of them having gone so far in the recruiting business as to tauntingly offer their undergarments to those whose good sense forbade their volunteer in the cause of the rebellion. It is well that they did not hear the withering accusations of Gov. Johnson, who, aware of the mischief they have done, addressed part of his eloquent discourse to them. But judgment will overtake such, sooner or later; the brave fellows whom their sophistry and threats induced to join the army, rising in their cold, spectral shrouds, will shake their bony fingers at them in the face of Heaven. From our inner heart we thank those noble and beautiful Union ladies who braved the scorn of their rebellious associates, and attended the great meeting on Saturday last.

COTTON SPECULATORS.

Chapter of the Army of Potter has been engaged here for two days, of this week taking the testimony of parties who have been the victims of cotton speculators. One man especially, whose name we will not mention at present for reasons compatible with the public service, has been proven to have forced parties to dispose of their cotton to him under the threat of fags and chains inside the walls of a prison. As the General Commanding purposes giving this matter a thorough ventilation, the public may look for some rich developments. No officer in the army has as yet been found engaged in it.

CALICO IN COLUMBIA.

For a man with a big family of daughters, Columbia would not be a desirable place just now to settle in. A gentleman who arrived from there last Monday has left with us two bills of sale, which we append:

Columbia, July 27, 1863.
J. W. McKissack
Pot. of J. L. Guest
33 yds. Calico @ \$2.25 per yd. \$74.25
104 1/2 " " @ \$2.50 " 261.25
Here's another:
J. W. McKissack
To A. J. McCord Dr.
132 yds. Calico @ \$2.75 \$363.00
The above is the wholesale price, for Mr. McKissack retails it at five and six dollars per yard.

At this rate of the markets it will not take them long to come to mother Eve's ancient style of dress.

NOT BLES.

The town was crowded last Saturday to give ear to Gov. Johnson, Parson Brownlow, Judge Brien, Col. Edwards and Houck, who in turn addressed the immense throng at the Court House. The band of the 52nd Ohio discoursed some appropriate airs, and every thing passed off pleasantly and well.

S. C. MERRICK, Esq., the able and learned editor of the Nashville Union, done us the honor of a call. We know of no man in the State who has done more signal service in the cause of the Union.

SPLendid SHOOTING.—Saturday

last, previous to his departure for Nashville, Major Gen. Gordon Granger, Comd'g District of the Cumberland, visited with Gov. Johnson and other notables the fort called by his name in this town, and aimed three 32-pounder shots at a tree on the Carter farm, about a mile from the works. Each of the shots dusted the branches, lodging within a compass of nine feet of its base. If ever our gallant General get up a Battery of his own, he can count us for No. 1 on his gun. We pray that when Mr. Forrest or any other man attack this town, Gen. Granger may be here to sight a few shots at 'em.

LABORS OF THE PROVOST MARSHAL.

From the 15th to the 27th instant the Provost Marshal at this place administered the oath of allegiance to four hundred and sixteen persons, and taken bonds to the amount of \$951,000. Thirty seven prisoners have been paroled in that time under bonds of \$119,000.

CONTRABAND NEWS.—Last Wednesday evening an "intelligent contraband" informed the authorities here that the "Rail Road" was a bun'n' down dah wha de road crosses de track? How far from here, said an officer, who always has implicit faith in negro veracity. "Bout a hundred miles," quoth Sambo, jingling his eye-balls with an effort at emphasizing his story. "A hundred devils!" piously ejaculated the officer; "how long did it take you to come from there?" "Bout two hours!" Seeing that brass buttons was incredulous, the darkey continued: "No use o' talkin' massa, dis chile lay his han' on de track and feel de heat as was bun'n' de rails. I iz sick, massa, an' I wants a pass as will fetch me out to Spring Hill, wha my wife stays." He got a "permit."

RAT-IFICATION MEETING.

We once thought it required some degree of art to make a pie, but the result of a grand rat-ification meeting held in this office last night, dispels the illusion. A learned and elaborate disquisition of ours on "Matrimonial Infelicity" was transformed into "pi" in short time, and to give zest to their solids they devoured our pot of paste and brush! All things carefully considered, we have a strong suspicion that it was one of these old rats that carried off our pipe and tobacco, and can imagine one of them now cozily ensconced in some retired nook enjoying a whiff at our expense.

WHERE ARE THEY?

When we consented to become editor of the Sentinel we had a promise from several young gentlemen of the military persuasion that they would contribute. This is the fourth number, and not a "contribution" of any kind (if we except a glass of hard cider) has reached us yet. Some, perhaps, are timid, and have a just horror of publicly quodding "gentle readers," though the same class of bipeds are eloquently suasive in back-parlor *teles-a-tele*. Come forward, ye valiant ones, and pour forth your strains in doleful blatherskite!

The financial proceeds of our paper necessitate the curtailment of expenses, and hence Prentice, Everett and Bancroft refuse to air their inspirations in our columns. Times may improve soon, however; gold is coming down and cotton is on the raise.

"GOOD JOKE."

A fashionable and delicate lady acquaintance of ours boasts of having a "good joke" on the editor, and is only deterred from "cracking" it through fear of its publicity. She can't conceal her "joke" on us, for though she has got no glass window in her breast, we can see through her at a glance.

OWNER OF THAT POCKET BOOK.

A Mr. E. S. B. Gossey, residing about ten miles from here, called upon us last Thursday, and claiming and describing the pocket-book advertised in our last issue as found by Mr. Pointer, received it with a "thank you, sir." It contained \$26 in good money, besides a large quantity of indescribable shin-plasters that might have been of some use in the days of the "Confederacy." When a faithful Sentinel and good Pointer fail to find the lost, there is little use of further search.

The money belonged to a widow Williams; we did not learn her age, neither has she done herself the distinguished honor of making our acquaintance.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

Monday last as Walter Chapin, of Co A, 14th Michigan Inf., was discharging one of the immense "fuses" captured with Dick McCann's men, it exploded near the breech and shattered his left hand in a horrible manner. He will probably lose three of his fingers. McCann must have intended the capture of Fort Granger, having treble-shotted his pieces to dismount our parrots. Judging from the weight of mettle he carried with him, we are more than ever convinced that there is no scarcity of munitions of war in the "Confederacy."

THE WEATHER.

Tuesday was decidedly cold—a step-mother's breath saluting us from the North all day and night. It had the effect of "imprisoning" the sugar sex, who busied themselves with reading the latest novels and flattening their noses against the window panes.

THE SENTINEL "ABROAD."

Our thanks be recorded to our old friends of Michigan whose cheering and complimentary letters have flooded our desk during the last week. Nor can we forget our friends of the Tribune (Detroit) and Commercial (Monroe) for their complimentary notices of our paper and ourselves. We are glad that, unlike our old neighbors of the Free Press and Monitor, they do not look upon the Sentinel with the jealous eye of rivalry!

DOCUMENTS.

We are in receipt of a pyramid of documents, the work of the "New England Publication Society," for which we find little use in the army. It is like sending coals to Newcastle or hram to Holland. If the "New England Publication Society" be capable of giving anything to the world that will mellow the consciences and hearts of her contractors and speculators, or infuse an honest patriotic conviction into the minds of her people, they should bid themselves to the task. The army of the West, thank God, need no partizan stimulus to prompt them to noble and daring deeds.

The documents before us consist chiefly of extracts from drowsy editorials on the "nigger question" from the columns of the N. Y. Post and kindred prints. Let the "Loyal Society" show an earnest of their sincerity by commencing their labors where they are most needed. The "Greeks are at their doors" and they need not extend their mission of "usefulness" to the Western Army or the Loo Choo Islands. There are no politicians, no open mouthed, frothing traitors or fanatics here; their labors from Donaldson to Iuka, and Vicksburg, and Tullahoma, attest their holy purpose.

For the sake of your pockets—through it alone can an appeal reach you—do not demoralize our noble army; painful recollections of your labors on the Potomac are borne upon the breeze. The late speech of Gen. John A. Logan has more of the patriotic fire in it than would take to burn up all New England.

VILLAINOUS.—Some unmitigated

scoundrel entered our office in our absence, and stole therefrom our tobacco, pipe, and several exchange papers. We don't want to find the perpetrator, for a man who would steal from an editor would rob a coffin.

NOT WORTH THE PRICE.

As the printer was working off the last sheets of our paper on the morning of the 22d, a rural specimen of the genus homo entered the office and asked him "if that," pointing to the Sentinel, "was the size of the new paper?" Being answered in the affirmative, he coolly remarked "that aint worth five cents," and heading for a grocery in front of us paid a dime for a mouthful of liquid fluid that would burn the entrails out of a salamander safe. Hard study of the secrets of type will never visit him with brain fever; and we warrant that if he has given personal bonds to the amount of twenty-five cents for his good conduct toward the government, he will never violate them.

THE FREE UNION.

Some friend has sent us two copies of the Free Union, a semi-monthly partizan publication lately come to life in Detroit. It is of the Republican persuasion and edited with ability by Fred. B. Porter. It looks to us the *avant courier* of a political campaign, as it "bears upon its bosom" the commendatory signatures of the "big guns" of the party. May its success be commensurate with its honesty.

LATEST AND IMPORTANT By Telegraph.

News from Bragg's Army.—Preparing to evacuate Chattanooga.—Steamers Des Arc and Courier Colided.—Loss of life.—Gillmore telegraphs that Fort Sumpter and Wagner are in his possession.—He "shells the heart of the City" of Charleston.—Expedition up Red River.—Rebel Army concentrating at Brownville.—Gen. Neal Dow turned over to civil authority &c. Specials to the Sentinel.

Stevenson Aug. 28 (midnight).—Deserters from the enemy report extensive preparations making for the evacuation of Chattanooga and East Tennessee. Supplies are being sent to Atlanta.

Memphis, Aug. 27.—The steamer "Courier" colided with the steamer "Des Arc" thirty miles below here. The 9th Ill. was aboard. Several lives lost.

Washington, Aug. 28.—Gen. Gillmore telegraphs Gen. Halleck Monday that he had demolished Fort Sumpter and began shelling Charleston.

Baltimore, Aug. 28.—It is reported that the gunboat Satellite and tug Reliance were captured by rebels at the mouth of the Rappahannock.

Washington, Aug. 28.—The English screw steamer Cronstadt has been captured off Wilmington while attempting to run the blockade.

Cairo, Aug. 28.—Lieut. Balche's (?) late expedition up White River destroyed a large amount of Confederate stores. He learned that a grand Southern army was concentrating at Brownsville.

Washington, Aug. 28. (latest) Gen. Gillmore telegraphs that Fort Sumpter is such a mass of ruins that it is no longer necessary to continue firing upon it. He says he has established batteries on the left of it, within range of the heart of Charleston, and opened a tremendous fire upon the city after giving Beauregard due notice of his intention.

Gen. Neal Dow having been turned over to civil authorities, contrary to the rules and usages of war, a rebel Brigadier will be immediately confined as a hostage.

STILL LATER!

Fortress Monroe, Aug. 28.—The gunboat Western World just arrived reports Forts Sumpter and Wagner in our possession Monday last.

[Many thanks to our friend "D." for his excellent report. We'll drink to his and our own good health when the Tophet of secession floats the Federal flag! ED. SENTINEL.]

MICHIGAN STATE NEWS.

A Mr. Watts, of the town of Dexter, was killed by lightning on the 31st ult. He lay on the floor, playing with his children, and was killed instantly; but the children were not much injured.

A poor seedy Copperhead at Constantine, having been thoroughly kicked for hurrahing for Jeff. Davis, left the town in disgust, declaring that he believed "the war had commenced right here in Michigan."

The engine-house at Troop's salt works, Carrolton, Saginaw county, was entirely consumed by fire last Tuesday morning. Loss \$3000.

Lightning has performed some strange freaks during the past week. It struck the dwelling-house of Geo. A. Wheelock, of Dowagiac, knocking the chimney to pieces and tearing up the floor. It killed a horse worth \$150 in the barn of Jacob Brown of East Dundee, leaving another horse uninjured by his side. It burned the barn and sheds of Mr. Cowan, of Superior, consuming almost two entire crops of wheat and two of wool.

A hail-storm occurred in portions of Leonidas and Sherwood townships, St. Joseph county, on the 31st ult., of such severity as to nearly destroy all growing crops. Hail-stones were picked up measuring from six to eight inches in circumference.

Miss Maria Emig committed suicide at White Pigeon, on the night of the 5th inst., by taking strychnine which she had bought at a drug store for rat poison.

A daring attempt to murder has occurred at Thunder Bay. On the 19th ult., one George Guild attempted to shoot W. E. Jones, for having protected his (Guild's) young daughter from ill usage by the savage father. The percussion cap failed to explode on Guild's gun; and before he could renew the cap, Jones seized him and a squabble ensued, in which Mrs. Guild aided her husband. The brutal couple were examined before Justice Birney, and committed to Saginaw jail to await trial in the Circuit Court. This is the first case of attempted murder in Alpena county.

HEAD QUARTERS U. S. FORCES, Franklin, Tenn., August 24, 1863. General Orders No. 14.

The Colonel Commanding regrets to learn the gross misconduct of troops recently arrived at this Post. Thieving, pillaging and insolence to peaceable citizens has been practiced in direct violation of Orders of the General Commanding.

Those wearing the uniform of the U. S. Army who will so far forget the cause in which we are engaged, merit only the bullet.

The country surrounding the Grand Guard line will be daily patrolled; and every enlisted man found pillaging will be shot on sight. The Grand Guard will execute this order in all cases coming under their observation.

By order of COI. H. R. MIZNER, Commanding Post.

J. W. MYERS, 1st Lieut. & A. A. G.

HEAD QUARTERS U. S. FORCES, Franklin, Tenn., August 20, 1863.

CIRCULAR.—Attention is called to Gen. orders No. 8, Head Quarters District of the Cumberland. Citizens remaining within the lines of this District enjoying the protection of the Government, are required to recognize its authority and respect the flag that has shielded them from oppression and wrong. Those failing or refusing to do so are PRIMA FACIE enemies of said Government, will be looked upon as such and treated accordingly.

The expression of treasonable sentiments in ANY MANNER will subject the party to arrest, and, upon proof thereof, expulsion beyond our lines.

Reasonable time will be allowed allov their sentiments, and those who, by their conduct and expressions, shall identify themselves with the so-called Confederate Government must expect action from these Head Quarters.

It is desired that no one take the oath of allegiance except from honest conviction and free will.

By order of COI. H. R. MIZNER, Commanding Post.

J. W. MYERS, Lt. & A. A. G.

Miscellany.

A man of great "singleness of purpose"—an old bachelor.

The best "cartes de visite," baker's and butcher's carts.

Death has consigned many a man to fame, when a longer life would have consigned him to infamy.

Many people drop a tear at distress who would do better to drop a sixpence.

An honest man is the noblest work of God; but the edition is small.

Those generally have the least authority, who are the most boisterous in establishing it. The quiet, ever moving stream turns the mill.

To forget an injury is more than nature can promise; but to forgive it is what grace can perform.

Envy is unquestionably a high compliment, but a most ungracious one.

There is a world of beautiful meaning in the following rather liberal translation from Freville:

"As the clock strikes the hour how often we say, Time flies; when 'tis we that are passing away."

How all of us would hate and despise the man who should misuse our gifts as we misuse those of heaven.

A good motto for the season. "Peas and plenty."

Footmen are apt to be despised, yet they have much warty business to attend to.

Men cannot make satisfaction for sin, though they seem to find great satisfaction in it.

A sort of sleep lingers all our lifetime about our eyes, as night hovers all day in the boughs of the fir tree.

Perhaps the infant, when he sighs and weeps, hears, as in a seashell, the moan and roar of the ocean of life.

There are two classes of disappointed lovers—those who are disappointed before marriage, and the more unhappy ones who are disappointed after it.

Some men can be influenced only by the cudgel. Their consciences are tough as alligators' backs, and their backs as sensitive as alligator's bellies.

They say there are tropical flowers that expand with a perceptible sound. The full opening of the blossom of love is generally audible in a kiss.

A handsome young lady being asked if she ever gave a kiss, replied "No; but I often had one stolen."

Don't take too much interest in the affairs of your neighbors. Six per cent will do.

It is not criminal actions that we require courage to confess, but those that are ridiculous and foolish.

A New Zealand Chief maintained that he had a good title to his land, because he had eaten its former owner.

A punster at the point of death, being advised to eat a piece of pullet, declined, saying he feared it might lay on his stomach!

The henpecked husband would be happy enough if he were only left alone. But he generally has some kind friend who is perpetually urging him "not to stand it."

Men and women have become extinct; they died sixty years ago, and left no heir! Ladies and gentlemen have usurped their places.

A beautiful woman is like a great truth or a great happiness, and has no more right to cover herself with a green veil, or any similar abominations, than the sun has to wear green spectacles.

Our passions are like convulsive fits, which though they make us stronger for a moment, yet leave us as much weaker afterward.

A French bishop in his sermon, recently administered a philippic to crinoline wearers: "Let women beware," said he, "while putting on their profuse and expansive attire, how narrow are the gates of Paradise."

At a fancy ball in Paris a marchioness is described as appearing covered with ivy. The character she represented is not stated, but we surmise it must have been an old ruin—her husband!

The queerest case of indecision we ever heard of, was that of a man who sat up all night because he could not determine which to take off first, his coat or his boots.

When things get to the worst they generally take a turn for the better. This proverb applies more particularly to a lady's silk dress—when she can get a new one.

A Marriage Spoiled.

A volunteer of one of the Massachusetts regiments had the perilous duty of being the standard-bearer in one of the late battles, and fell upon the field. He was seen to fall, and soon after the regiment retreated, and nothing more was heard of his fate. The young wife he had left at home bitterly lamented, and would not be comforted. To those urging that he might be only wounded and in the hands of the enemy, she would hear nothing; she knew he was dead. In a few days she left papers in the hands of an attorney to obtain what might be due her from the government as the widow of a deceased soldier. She put on mourning, too—black, heavy, and awfully long—sweeping to the ground behind her.

Everybody felt for the widow, and one person—a returned soldier who had been wounded in battle who had known her when she was a light hearted miss—shared largely in her grief. Only a few days passed, however, before he became more intimate with the widow, and in three weeks was deeply interested. On the fourth week an intended marriage between the parties was announced, and the milliner was called upon for assistance in changing the deep mourning habiliments of the widow to what would be more fitting a bridal party.

Time runs fast with a wedding in prospect, and the appointed day made haste; the lovers were excited, and the neighborhood was alive with gossip, when last Friday's mail brought shocking bad news to the party—the soldier husband was not dead! He had been taken from the battle-field, carried to Richmond—exchanged—and was on his way home! Awful! The morning and the marriage feast, and the application for a dead man's bounty, all had gone wrong, and alas for her! rejoiced as she was, of course to hear that her dead husband was alive, she was in a sad quandry what to do with the lover and other fixings. But probably it will be all right next week, when the dead will be alive, and the lost found, and great rejoicing prevail.

WOMANLY.—At a woman's convention, a gentleman remarked that a woman was the most wicked thing in creation. "Sir," was the indignant reply of one of the ladies, "woman was made from man, and if one rib is so wicked, what must the whole body be?"

VINDICATING WOMEN.

It is so easy to advise, that people fall into the habit of it from sheer indolence. Because the first woman, at the instigation of the Evil One, tempted the first man, and falling herself, persuaded him to fall likewise, all sour old bachelors imagine themselves privileged to consider woman a woe-man in reality. This is both cruel and unjust. We stand up the champion of the fair sex at all times, and we shall not see them calumniated without emotion. We say, that Eve in soliciting Adam to eat the apple with her, only showed the unselfish affection of a woman's nature. She thought the apple would be something delicious. She might have eaten it alone, and enjoyed by herself the wonderful things she anticipated. Probably Adam would have done so. But Eve was a woman—a loving, constant, self-abnegating woman. She would not enjoy all this excellence alone. She preferred to enjoy it with her husband, and this is why she solicited him to eat it with her. Good or bad (she was told it was good,) she yearned only to share with him the consequence that might follow this original act of rebellion, and yet this very generosity of Eve's womanly nature is made to tell against her. And bitter cynics tell us she is responsible for Adam's transgression and our suffering. How could she, who knew not untruth, imagine that the serpent was lying to her? No, she would be glorious, but not without sharing her glory with her husband.

The New Order.

"Necessity is the mother of invention." The needs of our social life push us onward into truly intelligent reformation. Some time since we noted the fact that by a military order the public women of this city were freighted into boats for transfer to some other field of labor. But the same reason which had induced the order for their removal would sustain any community to which they might be sent in refusing their disembarkation. And so it proved. The unfortunate having made the round trip without having been admitted to a landing anywhere, are back in Nashville again.

And now what? Since we cannot cut off these "diseased members," we must reform them, in a manner. So a new order regulates that they are to report themselves at a given time, and so many of them as the surgeons detailed for that purpose can certify to be in a satisfactorily healthy condition are to be licensed to ply their vocation upon condition that they are re-examined by the surgeon; once each ten days, and pay a tax of fifty cents per week. This weekly tax is to be appropriated towards the establishment of a hospital, whither all found diseased are to be placed until cured. Any one undertaking to continue her calling without such license is to be confined in the work-house.

We commend this as a move in the right direction. The moralist deals with what men ought to be; the politician has to do with them as they are. Legislation is charged with reaching in the most effective way practically possible the health and security of life and property. It is clear that however decisive and evident you make it that men ought not to be drunken and licentious, it remains undisputed that as men now are, drinking saloons and brothels will be kept and visited. There is no power in legislation to annihilate them; it can only keep them arrested with such limitations as may be actually enforced in lessening the practical ill effects of visiting them. Their annihilation can only be reached by deepening and widening that moral sense of the community which creates

voluntary sobriety and chastity. And this is the work of the moralist, not of the legislature.—*Nashville American Soldier.*

The Once Famous Sulphur Springs of Virginia.

We are indebted to the correspondence of the *New York Times* for the following description of this once noted summer retreat:

The ruins of the famed and favorite summer resort, Sulphur Springs, are attracting many idlers and visitors from the army, from a desire to drink from the same spring at which Clay and Webster, and several of the Presidents have drank; together with Jefferson Davis, Beauregard, Breckinridge, and other arch traitors. Perhaps it was here, when the hot September sun had heated the blood and blinded the sight, that treason and Secession were hatched. The fire-weed and the ivy springing from the piles of broken brick, and from the crevices of the crumbling walls, and winding around the heavy columns and across the broad archways, gives the whole the appearance of an ancient ruin, grand and gloomy. The copperhead hissing from the ash heaps, and broken bricks and marble, warns you that Secession is still here.

The old mill is a ruin, the building is demolished, and the machinery lies broken and scattered over the ground. The barns have all been torn down and the boards used to make beds for soldiers. The fallen trees, burnt and crumbling walls, and tottering roofs complete the ruin. General Birney and Staff occupy the center grand ruin as headquarters, and instead of being the leader of a grand division of this army, he, amidst the quiet that reigns, appears more like an ancient curiosity seeker amidst the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

Fun At Home.

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your heart, lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the musty cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night.

When once home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearth-stones, it will be sought at other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with those little arts that parents so perfectly understand.

Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children—half an hour of merriment round the lamp and fire-light of home, blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world, is the influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

AN AGREEABLE CUSTOMER.—"Stranger, I want to leave my dog in this 'ere office till the boat starts; I'm afraid somebody will steal him." "You can't do it," said the clerk; "take him out." "Well, stranger, that is cruel; but you're both dispositioned alike, and he's kinder company for you." "Take him out!" roared the clerk. "Well, stranger, I don't think you're honest, and you want watching. Here, Dragon," he said to the dog, "sit down here, and watch that fellow sharp!" and, turning on his heel, said, "Put him out, stranger, if he's troublesome. The dog lay there till the boat started, watching and howling at every movement of the clerk, who gave him the better half of the office.—*New York Paper.*

Disobeying Orders.

During the advance from Nashville, Rosecrans had given orders that no fires should be built. He had a habit of riding around the outposts of the army to observe how his orders were kept. So on the 29th of December, 1862, while riding along the top of a hill, alone, on the very extremity of our right, just below him, he saw a fire, with a party of men gathered around it.

"Hallo, boys! what regiment do you belong to?"

"Second Michigan Cavalry," replied the soldiers, not knowing who he was, as, owing to the darkness, they could only see he was a mounted man, and no more.

"Haven't you heard the orders about making fires, boys?"

"Yes; but we thought we would make a little coffee. Besides, the 'Butternuts' can't see us here."

Just as he said this, a shell from one of the enemy's batteries, the gunners of which had observed the light, fell into the very centre of the little crowd, and bursting, killed and wounded four of them.

"That's right, boys!" cried the General; "make your coffee, break the orders, and catch the shells!"

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.—Says Phelim O'Rourke to Murphy M'Crohan, "Arrah, my boy, is there any difference between being hanged here at Newgate and being hanged in chains?" "No, honny; no great difference, except that in one case ye hang for one hour, and in the other all the days of your life."

Advertisements.

D. MURPHY,
SUTLER OF THE OLD 14TH MICH. INFANTRY,
is now always prepared to furnish everything in the line of his "profession," to persons desiring his care and services.
AT HIS
GRAND PAVILLION
near the new R. R. Depot on the north side of the river.
Desirous of perpetuating the Union, HE GENEROUSLY INVITES ALL TO PARTAKE OF THE INNUMERABLE GOOD THINGS HE HAS FOR SALE.
Franklin, Tenn., August 8th.

DIXON & MALLORY,
NEWS DEALERS,
CORNER OF MAIN & INDIGO STREETS, FRANKLIN.
Have the latest PAPERS
POLITICAL,
RELIGIOUS,
ILLUSTRATIVE
and PERIODICAL.
Besides a large supply of
STATIONERY.
To suit the taste of Ladies, Gentlemen and Soldiers.
CALL AND SUPPLY YOURSELVES
With Choiceest Novels
And Reading of
Every Description.
Franklin, Tenn., Aug., 8th, 1863.

PICTURE GALLERY.

S. W. MERRITT,
DAGUERREAN ARTIST.
Late of Nashville.
Has established a Picture Gallery, at Perkins' Old Stand, East of the square, on Main Street.
Families or individuals desirous of procuring elegant and highly finished
AMBROTYPES OR MELANOTYPES
Of their families or selves can now avail themselves of the opportunity of procuring them.
Dressing rooms for ladies are connected with the gallery.
Franklin, Aug. 14th, 1863.

PRIEST & BYERS,
No. 5 Main Street, Franklin.
Have just received and for sale a Fresh Supply of
DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES
Comprising
DOMESTICS,
PRINTS,
SHOES,
BOOTS,
HATS,
SUGAR,
COFFEE,
DRUGS and
DYE-STUFFS
Persons in need of the above articles will find it to their interest to
CALL AND EXAMINE
for themselves.
Franklin, Tenn., August, 8th, 1863.